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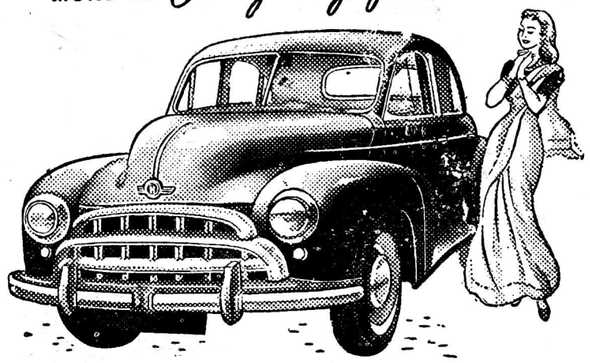

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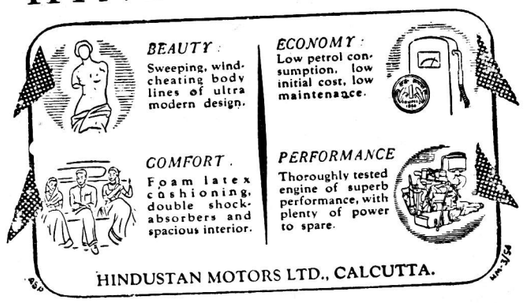
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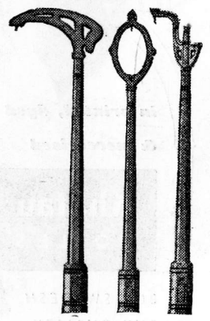

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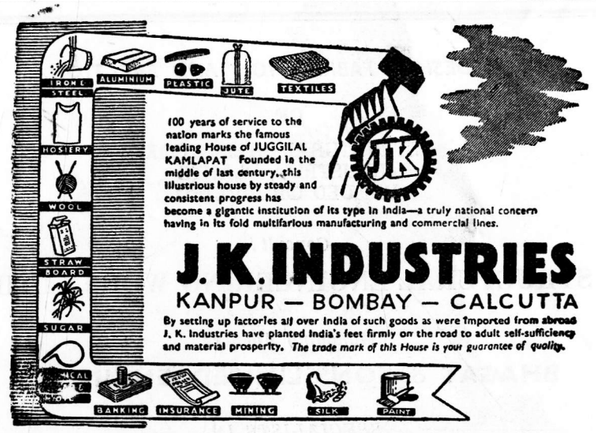

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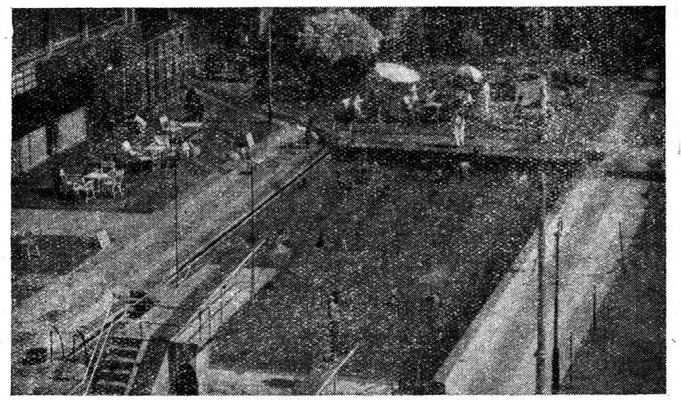

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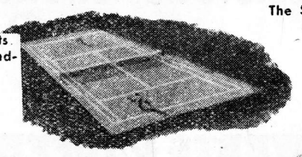

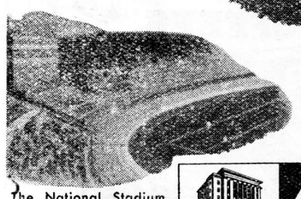

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

Vol. 1, No. 7] [NOVEMBER 7, 1954

KRISHNA—MY DARLING

Subrahmanya Bharati

1. *The sparkling glances of thine eyes, Sweetest!*
Hail they from the sun or the moon?
The black round pupil in thine eyes, Dearest!
Is it the dark sky's boon?
Thy silken robes of deep-blue tinge
And necklace with diamonds in row,
In the still bosom of midnight seem
Like twinkling stars of heaven above.

2. *Does the radiance of the flowery grove*
Image thy gracious smile?
Are the surges of the ocean blue
The beats of thy heart awhile?
Can fair koel's own melting note
Be the sweetness in thy voice?
Loveliest maid! Kannamma Dear!
To clasp thee is my choice.

3. *Speakest thou o' code of conduct chaste?*
Shall we by codes be bound?
Impetuous lovers have always held
These codes an empty sound.
With our elders' benign consent,
Through wedding rites we'll pass.
Shall I so long tarry?—Here look!—
One kiss on thy cheek, my lass!

(Translation by S. Rangaswami from Tamil original.)

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 61

★ *The Conscientious Grand-Uncle* ★ *The Singing Pair*
★ *The Gay Sarkar*

Raj Bhavan, Lucknow.
November 7, 1954

My Young Friend,

In my Letter No. 46 of April 18, 1954, I gave you an old portrait of Kishordas Munshi of Munshi Heights. If you remember, in an autobiography written in Persian, he described himself as an 'atom of ignorance' before the 'ocean of knowledge', his *ustad*. His were troublous times. When the East India Company took over Broach in 1804, in a couple of centuries it saw for the first time peace and settled government.

Broach changed hands, but the Munshis of the Heights continued to flourish as always.

Jugaldas, son of Kishordas, himself a Persian scholar by taste and a revenue farmer by profession, helped the British in settling the affairs of the district.

In 1806, Jugaldas's son, Kishandas — my great-grandfather — is known to have served as a Persian writer in the newly constituted British courts at Broach. In 1814 he was enrolled as a lawyer. In 1831 he was appointed to the office of a civil judge — 'Principal Sadar Amin' as he was then called — a prize-post for Indians in those days of British Rule. According to Sir John Romer, then Chief Justice of Bombay, who had known him for a quarter of a century, Kishandas 'was an excellent and most useful public servant'.

The British Empire was not founded by the Britishers alone; it was also founded by thousands of Kishandases, who, for a petty judgeship or a condescending line of appreciation, helped to build up peace where there had been chaos before.

Kishandas was a successful lawyer. He made money, built a mansion on the Heights, acquired agri-

cultural land, and was honoured by everybody — the caste, the town and those new *nawabs,* the British officers. When the last *sati* joined her husband on the funeral pyre in Broach, it was he who stood at the head of the worshipping crowd of citizens. He died at Thana on July 27, 1832.

★

Kishandas's eldest son, Kashiram, could never forget that he was a 'Munshi' and papa's son. He lived the whole year round just for one blessed day. And what a day it was! The finest dress had to be kept ready for him: two brand-new *dhotis,* with red borders from Nagpur; two red turbans; two well-tailored, washed and ironed *angarkhas* of the finest *mulmul* from Surat, which was forty miles away, and that could only be reached by a bullock-cart travelling for days. But to my grand-uncle duty was demanded of each passing hour. Nothing prevented him from discharging his duty on that day as on all the other days of the year.

To prepare for the day, he would buy three or four long reeds and a knife as sharp as a razor. And every morning, for days together, he would sit assiduously cutting the reeds into pieces, turning them with infinite care into pens. He had but one object: on that great day, his signature must be a thing of beauty and joy for ever — at least for a year.

All these tasks kept uncle mighty busy: "Is the turban well bound? Are the reed pens ready? Which one has the finest point? What about the bullocks? Has silver paper been applied to their horns? Has a new covering been fixed to the carriage? Are the wheels properly oiled?" So would the queries run.

The great day would arrive. Uncle would get up early, bathe, perform his *puja* and put on his clothes with meticulous care. Everyone would rush hither and thither with excitement. Kashirambhai was going to the court; no light matter, this; everything must be just right.

At last, to the joy and relief of the family, grand-uncle would get into his shoes with their long curling points; collect the best and sharpest reed pens; summon the family clerk and wait for the auspicious moment fixed by the family astrologer. Then, stepping down from the Heights with appropriate majesty, he would mount his glistening carriage. The bullocks, richly caparisoned, would then take him to the court. Everyone in the Heights would know by now that Kashirambhai was going to perform the most herculean task of the year.

He would arrive at the government offices and the revenue officer, duly apprised, would accord him a hearty welcome. He would next occupy a seat of honour

which were always in rather doubtful taste was anathema. Classical songs were only permitted to professional women.

Tapi's husband was himself an accomplished musician. They also lived on the Heights, and, whatever their desire to sing together with full-throated ease, they did not dare to defy the canons of decent behaviour which the proud Munshis prescribed for their womenfolk.

One night it began to rain, and rained very hard. The propitious moment presented itself. Tapi and her husband forgetting everything in the ecstasy of the moment, began to sing together. Suddenly the rain stopped. The two voices—one rich and powerful, and the other sweet and melodious — sounded in a duet through the silence of the Heights. Rubbing his eyes, Kashiram jumped up from his bed. Anupram made for the balcony to discover where the music was coming from. Narbheram, the youngest brother, —my grandfather of whom more hereafter—woke up and began to beat time with his hands. The womenfolk heard the duet, recognised the voices, and, thoroughly scandalised, sat up in their beds. Abruptly, only too conscious of their fearful lapse, the two vocalists stopped singing.

Next morning, with tremulous hearts, they came out of their house. Goodness knew what was in store for them! The brothers, however, overwhelmed the sister with compliments and chaffed the brother-in-law good-humouredly. But after that day my great-aunt was accepted as the exception, which proved the rule that decent women should not sing classical music in the presence of men.

☆

Anupram's son, Hardevram (1834 to 1903) is the great link which binds me to the past of Munshi Heights. He was perhaps the first Munshi to be sent to Bombay to study at the Elphinstone Institute, the English High School, which had recently been founded there by the British. Having passed out from the Institute, he went in for teaching, then for the law, and later he was appointed a Munsiff.

His portrait, which is impressed upon my memory, is of the time when he was the receiver of the famous shrine of Ranchhodraiji at Dakor in Gujarat. He was then sixty-five.

As he is going to the shrine for *puja* — as he did every day—he carries a silver *jam* and *achamni* in one hand. Behind him comes his servant carrying his white shawl. As he comes out of his house, pilgrims, collected for a dip in the sacred waters of the Gomati, prostrate themselves before him. Sarkar's face lights up with benignity and he stretches out his hand in blessing.

His handsome pinkish face was fairer than that of an ordinary Indian. His shapely sensitive nose;

his large brilliant eyes; his well-kept moustaches and the sacred braid on his head, which is neatly tied in a knot, make him the very image of dignity. The three lines, sacred to Shiva, painted in sandal paste on his forehead; his spotless white sacred-thread, flowing down from his left shoulder and across his well-knit chest; his white *pitambar,* spread in graceful folds right down to his feet, invest him with sanctity. Many a handsome old man have I seen, but none so elegant, so noble-looking, so fascinating a specimen of beautiful old age as the Sarkar, the epithet by which uncle was mostly referred to.

The Sarkar was very fastidious in the matter of clothes and food; his highly-trained cook and his personal servant were more formidable to us, the members of the family, than Jeeves. In the days when the *dhobi's* iron was not in vogue, the folds of his *dhoti* were invariably pressed before he put it on, with the aid of a big conch.

His meals were invariably surrounded with a rare ceremonial importance. Before he sat down to his meal, the room had to be made odoriferous with sandalwood and scented sticks and the floor had to be decorated in various designs of coloured powder. The *patlas,* the wooden-seats, had to be set with due regard to precedence. The food had to be well prepared and served in a perfect order. Vedic *mantras* had to be chanted before the meal and it ended with a short prayer. Finally at the end came *'Hara hara Mahadeva',* the battle cry of the Hindu warriors and the joyous shouts of victory after the Brahmans had made a hearty feast.

After the morning meal came the siesta. The Sarkar's linen and bedsheets had to be spotless. Creases were never permitted. In summer, *khaskhas* screens hung before the doors and windows, rendering the room cool and fragrant.

But even the Sarkar had his friendly Pucks, who could break into his ceremonial life with impunity. My father — I was with him at the time — was once his guest at Dakor, when two of his old school friends — both of them respectable, white-haired, retired government servants — had come for a visit. One day, the Sarkar was taking his usual siesta, when a tile was softly removed from the roof of his bedroom, and cold water poured on him through the opening. He woke up, thunderous in his anger. There was uproar in the house. As I rushed to the scene, I saw two white-haired old men, an empty pail of water in the hands of one of them, climbing down from the roof. How they rated the Sarkar and how furious he grew!

The afternoon was usually spent by the Sarkar in listening to *Yogavasishtha* or *Mahabharata,* read by a *pandit.* Then visitors arrived, the conversation turned to art, literature or philosophy and the Sarkar sprinkled his talk with apt

and would select a reed pen; then, with meticulous care and solemn determination, he would perform the great deed of the year which was to inscribe in the register, "Munshi Kashiram Karsandas, his own signature."

His duty done, he would smile beatifically and the clerk would then receive from the treasury one-hundred-and-fifty rupees, the annual Munshigiri allowance, the gift from the great Mughal Emperor.

My uncle, his face wreathed in smiles, would then salute the officer, leave the court, take his seat in the carriage, and the bullocks, fat and sleek, their bells jingling merrily, would make for home.

The great deed was done. Or, was it? The very next day uncle would begin to think of the preparations necessary for a similar feat to be performed the following year.

Anupram (1807-1841), the youngest son of Kishandas Munshi, was a veritable Harishchandra, for he had the reputation of never having told a lie. In fact he shines as an ideal man in the family annals, brilliant, steadfast, honest beyond comparison.

He joins the family's favourite forum, the law court, at Broach. In 1836, he is already a Reader to the English District Judge, a post of great consequence in those days. At thirty, he is appointed a Native Assistant to the British Resident at Baroda. At that time, English officers were held in semi-divine awe as being mightier than the great Mughals, and the Indian world could contact them only through their all powerful 'native' readers and assistants.

With unusual integrity for the times, Anupram rejected the offer of a bribe made by the Gaekwad and worked hard for the Company by acquiring the Rewakata and Mahikata Agencies. The Gaekwad lost his territory and the Company, appreciative of Anupram's services, was anxious to confer on him the *jagirdari* of a village. However, he died suddenly, poisoned, it was said, by the Gaekwad's men. The Company's sense of gratitude shrank rather fast. It granted to the widow and the two sons of their faithful officer the magnificent pension of twenty-five rupees per month! The rupee, however, had great value in those days, and life was simple.

The Munshis of that generation were lovers of music. Some of them were experts. Anupram himself was a fine singer and as he sang in company with his *ustad,* his little sister, Tapi, his pet, mastered classical music merely by sitting behind the screen in her brother's house in the Baroda Camp.

In those days for a respectable lady in Gujarat to sing anything but *bhajans* and wedding songs,

quotations from English, Marathi, Hindi and Gujarati poems.

At first I was very much impressed with the Sarkar's scholarship, but as I grew older and became familiar with Shakespeare and Bhartrihari, I discovered the secret of it. His stock of quotations was limited, but he used them with art, taking care to see that he did not repeat the same one before the same audience.

With the evening came the community prayers for the family and their friends: prayers in Sanskrit, Tukaram's *abhangas* and Hindi *bhajans;* till, finally, the famous hymn of *'Achuyatam Keshavam'* was rounded off by the *dhun* of *'Raghupati Raghav Rajaram'*. . .

★

After the last meal of the day, the Sarkar held a sort of *darbar* which was mainly devoted to music. He employed an *ustad* and a *tabalchi* in the house, and he himself had the reputation of being a master of classical music. Everyone said that he was the equal of the Goswami Maharaj of Kankroli, but what degree of skill was possessed by the Maharaj, I could never find out.

One thing was certain: the Sarkar was madly fond of music. Once a terrible blow befell the family. The Sarkar's grand-daughter of ten years became a widow. In those days when widow re-marriage was unthinkable, it was a calamity indeed.

When fate plays one of its cruel tricks, the shadow of grief lies over the whole family. A dancing-girl from North India arrives on the Munshi Heights to pay her respects to the Sarkar, whereupon he is furious. He roundly berates the girl. "Don't you know that our house is on fire?", he shouts at her.

"Sarkar, I have heard of the sad happening", the dancing-girl replies with folded hands: "What a tragedy! Even men like you are not spared by the vengeful God. But I have not come on a professional visit. Goswami Maharaj of Kankroli has sent me here. He said: 'Go to the Sarkar; sing a song for him and hear him sing one. You will never find another musician like him.' So I have come all this way. I am but the dust of your feet."

The Sarkar's heart is heavy with grief. His love of music is insistent; 'the dust of his feet' irresistible. Not to hear her would be an affront to the goddess Saraswati herself.

The Sarkar turns to his nephew and tells him in a whisper: "Go, House this girl in a *dharmashala* and provide the necessaries for her." Then he speaks loudly for everyone to hear: "Oh Ranchhodraiji!, Lord Krishna! This is not the time to listen to songs. You have been very cruel. The poor little girl has become a widow. I am Thy servant, Lord."

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

What Independence Means to Us

WE have won our independence recently and are justly proud of it. But we consider that independence is not an end in itself but a means for economic, social and cultural uplift of the people. The seven years' independence of ours is being used by us for the purpose of raising the living standards of our country, for national consolidation and development. Therefore we are anxious for peace all over the world. We have, as it were, a vested interest in peace and stability in all parts of the world. It is because of this that we went far in our efforts for peace in Korea and Indo-China. We do not consider that one country is entirely unconcerned about the affairs of the other. All countries are, we believe, an organic part of the whole world and the outstanding problems of the world can be solved by forbearance and patience.

We have to remember that a defeated foe is an enemy waiting for a chance for revenge but a reconciled foe is a friend gained. Therefore if we want the world to be safe for mankind, human methods, civilized methods, dignified methods, have to be used for solving its problems.

Democracy is one such method for progress. Democracy means no regimentation of thought and decisions, but the provision of opportunities to shape one's opinions in freedom and safety. Democracy means no discrimination, for democracy respects each human being as an equal and entitled to all the privileges which are open to anyone else. Democracy means a disbelief in racial discrimination and I am glad to note that in the Latin American countries there is no racial discrimination whatsoever.

The natural consequence of democracy is the liberation of oppressed humanity, a recognition of human dignity. Therefore we are interested in problems which oppress and imprison the human spirit wherever they arise.

There are three methods of building up the world. Arranging it as an individual would like it, allowing it to go its own way or admitting the existing facts, trying to fit them into a harmonious pattern where everyone has a corner of his own without encroaching on the freedom of the other. I will put it this way: The way of the garden, the jungle or the park.

Democracy is neither a regimented garden nor an anarchic jungle. But it is a park in which, while the natural trees and other existing patterns of the land, have their place, the whole is harmoniously blended to provide a place for the enjoyment and progress of humanity.

We in our country are trying this method for economic, social and cultural uplift and progress of our country and I am glad to see that here too considerable progress has been made for the advancement of the people in economic, social and cultural spheres.

(From his speech at the Argentine Farliament on October 16, 1954.)

An aspirant approached Shri Chaitanya and asked, "Master, tell me how you feel when you are in a mood of ecstasy or in a state of illumination."

Shri Chaitanya smiled and said, "Once there met on the bank of a river, a party of newly wedded young maidens. They asked one another to relate by turns their experiences with their respective lovers and they did so, one by one, in terms of affection, not unmixed with exaggeration. At that time an elderly woman happened to pass by. She joined the maidens and enquired what they were talking about. The young maidens told her what the subject was and retold her their experiences. The elderly one said, 'Blessed are you that you can find words for expressing the joys of love, for I am at a loss for an adequate expression'."

The aspirant went home in silence.

Quietly, he turns to his nephew when they are alone and says: "The *shastras* enjoin that calamity should be borne with courage. This calamity has come all the way from North India. We must put up with it. Go and get plenty of grass-bundles; stack them round the walls of the stable, so that the sound is muffled. Bring the girl there at two o'clock in the morning. We shall hear but two songs of hers, and no more; and sing but one song, and no more."

But this was history. By the time I heard the Sarkar singing, only quivering notes issued from his throat. Once I was playing on the verandah, while he was singing inside. Without realising the consequences, I imitated his way of singing which sounded to me like that of a wailing woman. My uncle heard me, stopped singing, and thundered: "Who is this boy? Catch hold of him." I bolted before the servants could lay their hands on me, but I was to receive condign punishment: I was never to acquire any knowledge of classical music.

☆

The Sarkar was never to be caught behaving in an unceremonious way. If he went to dine at a friend's, or even with the caste, two servants would precede him to make special preparations. If he paid a condolence visit, he timed his arrival at the appropriate moment and sympathised with the members of the bereaved family in choice words and with apt quotations. His eyes would grow dim; his face would turn crimson; he would shed tears in abundance. Then he would withdraw, heavily laden with sorrow, yet superior. The by-standers would admire his noble heart, and the grief of the disconsolate family would grow light.

On one such occasion I went with him, but when I returned with him to our house, he turned round to a servant and said: "What a fuss! The old father has three sons. What does it matter if he has lost one?"

I was shocked. I was very green at that time.

The Sarkar was at his best at festivals. He would gather his friends about him. We children would be crowded into a conveyance drawn by bullocks, which would proceed with jingling bells, to some garden outside the town. An excellent dinner would follow after which we youngsters would play in the fields. The elders would discuss every subject under the sun, crack ribald jokes and sing songs, some of which were in fearful taste. I remember some of the snatches even now.

If ever there was a mortal who believed that the world was a stage and he an actor on it, it was Sarkar. But the role he played was not unmixed. He loved life and

(Continued on page 21)

(21)

K. M. Munshi

THE USES OF KALIDASA

I WAS a small boy when I went to the Baroda College. Being the only son of my parents, I was always kept protected from contact with the world during my childhood. I was timid, shy and small. So, going to the Baroda College from Broach, though it was only forty miles distant, was a great ordeal for me. Luckily, my cousin, Pranlal Munshi, had passed his Matriculation examination in December 1901. Broad-shouldered, loud-voiced and courageous, he provided me with the strength which I lacked. He had never heard of shyness and was hail-fellow-well-met with everyone.

Both of us were anxious to be given a room in the College hostel. One of our relatives had asked the clerk in charge of the building, who was the *de facto* Superintendent, to give us accommodation in the hostel. In fact, however, the student who had taken his B.A. with the highest marks in the previous year, became a Fellow in English in the College and the *de jure* Superintendent for the following year. Nevertheless, the clerk was all-powerful, and was generally called Bhaishankar Superintendent.

Our friends had advised us to meet Bhaishankar in the hostel and when we went there, an elderly student was being shaved in one of the balconies; we asked him where we could find Bhaishankar, the Superintendent. The elderly boy got up haughtily and asked us: "Who are you?".

(23)

अंके निधाय करभोरु यथा सुखं ते
संवाहयामि चरणावुत पद्मताम्रौ ॥

As a result, the brother of the lady student and his friends had given the Superintendent a sound thrashing and it was this that had compelled him to leave Ahmedabad for Baroda.

I do not know whether the story was true, but in our hostel in 1902 it was believed to be so. A brain-wave came to me. I fished out that verse from *Shakuntala,* which was also our text-book for the year. My cousin, some of our friends and myself, who were in conspiracy, crammed it and suddenly there was an epidemic of that verse ending in

संवाहयामि चरणावुत पद्मताम्रौ

issuing from two dozen throats.

Pranlalbhai had a powerful singing voice and when he sang the verse, both the hostels heard it with joyful enthusiasm. It became a battle-cry. Every time the Superintendent passed by, some one or other of us came out with *Shakuntala* in hand and began to chant in a loud voice:

संवाहयामि चरणावुत पद्मताम्रौ

The Superintendent soon discovered the mysterious reason why that verse in particular had assumed such terrific popularity with the students of the hostel; and whenever anyone of us started singing it, he disappeared. Not a day, not a period, not even a game or feast would be complete without some one or the other of us chanting that magic line.

The Superintendent ceased to come and dine with us in the mess, for, on the slightest pretext, dinners began to end by the chanting of Sanskrit verses in Brahmanical style, and among them the favourite one was sure to find a place. Ultimately, he shut himself up in his room, only emerging when none of Kalidasa's fans were waiting for him.

Oh Master mine! thou poet of infinite beauty! Did you ever imagine that you would be so useful to wicked little boys?

Kulapati's Letter—cont.

was gay to the very tips of his finger and whatever he did, he did with all his heart, to impress, to cut an appropriate figure and above all, to enjoy life.

His was such an end, as a man of his parts least deserves. During his last days he lay striken by paralysis, unable to move or to speak and wholly dependent upon a favourite servant. Presently, his grandson, in a fit of his temper, dismissed the servant. The tragic look in the Sarkar's eyes, as he lay on his death-bed, wretched, paralysed, helpless, unable either to speak or move, haunts me still.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

IMMORTAL INDIA—5

J. H. Dave

GAYA

इदं विष्णुर्विचक्रमे त्रेधा निदधे पदम्
समूढ्हमस्य पाँसुरे। —*Rigveda, 1-22-17*

"VISHNU crossed this and placed his foot in three ways; the whole of it is encompassed in his steps". This passage of *Rigveda* is commented upon by Yaska (800 B.C.) in his *Nirukta*. He says: "According to one author, Shakapuni, the three steps of Vishnu are the earth, the firmament, and the heaven; while according to another author, Aurnavabha, the three steps of Vishnu are at three places called Samarohana, Vishnupada, and Gaya-shiras". It is correct to presume that all three places are situated at Gaya.

Therefore some people maintain that long before the time of Yaska and his predecessor Aurnavabha, Gaya was the location of the three steps of Vishnu and was famous as a Vishnu Tirtha. This also proves the pre-Buddhistic importance of the place. The area round about Gaya is also famous as a sacred spot of pilgrimage for Buddhists, where Buddha received enlightenment under the Bodhi tree.

Tristhali is the name given to the three most holy places of pilgrimages for Hindus, Prayaga, Kashi and Gaya. The *Tristhali Setu* of the famous Narayana Bhatta describes them in considerable detail.

Gaya is 192 miles from Calcutta and 127 miles from Banaras. The town consists of old Gaya and the new Sahibganj which is the railway station.

Mahabharata (Vanaparva) says: "A man should aspire to have many sons; the reason is that even one may go to Gaya (and liberate the ancestors by offering them *Pindas*) or may perform an Ashvamedha sacrifice or may let loose a Nila Bull. At Gaya there is the Phalgu river, the place known as Gaya-shiras, and the imperishable Banyan Tree. Food offered to ancestors at this place yields inexhaustible results".

The greatness of Gaya is described in *Mahabharata, Naradiya, Padma, Kurma, Varaha, Garuda* etc. and above all, in *Vayu. Vayupurana*, in its concluding chapters 105-112, deals exhaustively with the subject. *Vayu* is considered as one of the oldest Puranas (300 to 600 A.D.) and its Gaya-Mahatmya, a later addition of 700 to 1000 A.D.

(22)

I never could stand haughtiness and on this occasion, when I was so amply protected by the presence of my cousin, I was not prepared to tolerate it.

"We are human beings", I retorted.

"Where are you from?" cried the elderly boy very angrily.

I had been in a class of over thirty boys in my school, all of whom were over eighteen years old and none of whom had ever thought that anyone could pass the matric at the first trial. I had passed it at fourteen; that too at the first attempt; and I had rushed through quite a few novels of Dumas, Scott and Mrs. Henry Wood, whose very names the others did not know. I was not prepared, therefore, to be sat upon in this way.

"We came through the gate, as you can see. Where is Bhaishankar?" I retorted.

"I don't know. Find him for yourself", said the elderly boy.

Muttering at each other we parted.

Next day our relative came to see us. "You are fools", he said. "What have you done? You have insulted the Superintendent of the hostel."

"Nothing of the kind", we replied. "One of the boys gave himself airs and insulted us. He was not Bhaishankar Superintendent."

Our relative gnashed his teeth. "Fools! He is the Fellow in English and the Superintendent of the Hostel. Bhaishankar is the clerk, not the Superintendent."

I and my cousin looked at each other in dismay. Gone was our chance of getting a room in the hostel, and we had no idea where we should stay and prosecute our studies.

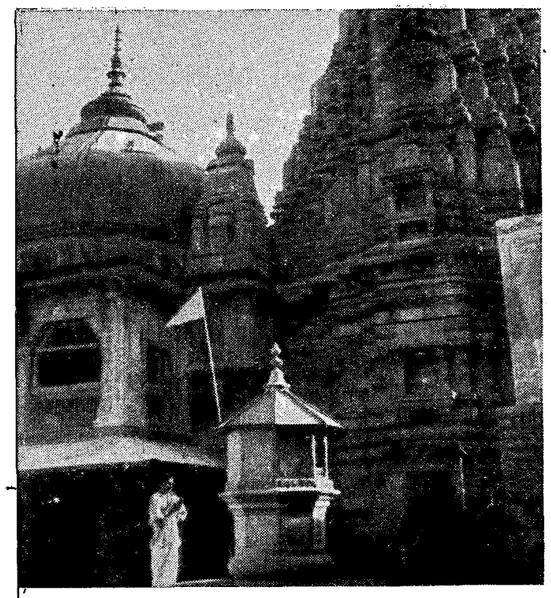
"Very well, I will go and ask the Superintendent to forgive you and give you rooms", said my relative.

☆

We did not know what to say, but in the end we were given rooms. However, the Superintendent never forgave the affront and a long drawn out war began between us. He had treated quite a few of the students very shabbily, so that our treatment of him was a passport to the society for the most select of them. They welcomed us with open arms.

I do not want to bother you here with the various stages of the war between the Munshi Brothers and the Superintendent, but ultimately we discovered an irresistible weapon with which to smash him.

The story ran that our Superintendent, when in the previous class, was in the Gujarat College at Ahmedabad. While there, he had insulted the only lady student in the class by placing before her that famous verse from Kalidasa's *Shakuntala* in which Dushyant tells Shakuntala: "Having placed your feet, slender-limbed one, on my lap, I shall shampoo thy lotus-feet softly."

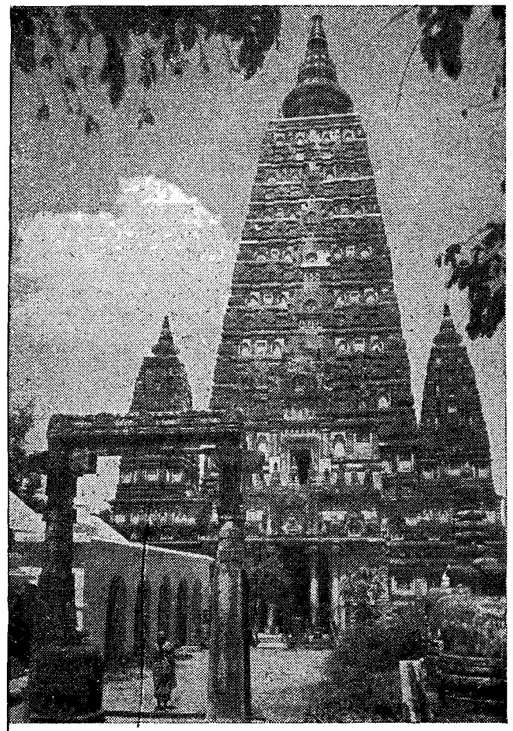


The Vishnupada Temple at Gaya

It is said that liberation or *Mukti* is achieved in four ways. The first way is by acquiring the true knowledge of Brahman. The second is by the performance of *Shraddha* at Gaya. The third way is by getting oneself killed by protecting a cow and the fourth is by residing at Kurukshetra *(Garuda)*.

★

Gaya is named after the Asura of the same name. The legend is that Gaya, a devotee of Vishnu, was a very powerful, yet pious, Asura 125 *yojanas* high and 60 *yojanas* wide. He practised severe penance on the Kolahala Mount. Gods were worried, went to Shiva and ultimately to Vishnu. The latter however went to Gaya and granted him boon that he would be so pure that any one touching him would go to Hari's abode. This led to the kingdom of Yama being deserted, and Yama found himself without occupation. Brahma then came to Gaya and asked him to give his sacred body to him so that a sacrifice could be performed on it. Gaya assented and the ceremony took place in the Shvetavaraha Kalpa. Brahma created priests to perform the sacrifice they laid Gaya out with his head pointing towards the north and his feet towards the south. Gaya's head began to shake towards the end of the sacrificial ceremony: Brahma asked Yama to place on it the special Dharma-shila, but even with that Gaya was not steady. All the gods stood on that Shila but in vain. Ultimately Vishnu gave His own image and later appeared in person holding His mace and stood over the Dharma-shila on Gaya's head which



The temple at Buddh Gaya where Gautama the Buddha, received enlightenment

with a request that they should beg no more from others. In spite of this, they begged of Dharma, who performed another sacrifice at Dharmaranya. So they were cursed by Brahma. They repented and Brahma decreed them maintenance out of the fees of the pilgrims who come to perform *shraddhas* at Gaya. This is the legend of the Gayawal Brahmins of Gaya.

The legend of Gayasura is taken by Dr. Rajendralal Mitra as an allegory in which Brahmanism reasserts itself over Buddhism. According to him, the pious and compassionate Gaya, who is also a heretic, represents Buddhism. O'Malley thinks it is a compromise of Brahmanism with demon-worship of an earlier age. Dr. Barua takes Gaya as a demon of darkness like Vritra and the interpretation of Vishnu's three steps given by Aurnavabha (and referred to by Yaksha) as the basis of the Gaya legend. Dr. Kane rightly says that Gaya was a Pitri Tirtha centuries before Christ and the legend is a *post facto* attempt to account for the sancity of the place like many other legends of the Puranas.

Pindas offered to the Pitris or ancestors at Gaya mean that those people in hell are thereby supposed to go to heaven and those in heaven are freed from further births. One can go to Gaya and even offer *pindas* to one's own self also for the same purpose; but this should be without sesame and the *pinda* must be given in the hands of the image of god Janardana. A

became steady. Gaya complained that it was not necessary to torture him in such a manner and that Vishnu's order would have been sufficient. Then he asked for and was granted the boon that all gods and even Vishnu should stand on his head permanently and the place be called Gaya after him. The holy place on which all the gods stand is known as Gaya-shiras (the head of Gaya). It is also called the Vishnupada (the footprint of Vishnu). Vishnu stands there as the Adi-Gadadhara holding a mace in his hand.

☆

The following is the legend of the Dharma-shila. Dharma had a pious daughter named Dharmavrata. She practised penance as she was unable to secure for herself a suitable husband. One day Brahma's son Marichi, passing that way, asked her why she was practising penance. On hearing her reason, Marichi offered to marry her. She accepted him and they were married with Dharma's blessings. Their married life was a happy one and they had many sons.

Once Marichi was tired and when he returned home, he asked his wife to shampoo his feet and fell asleep as she did so. Meanwhile his father Brahma came to the house and the daughter-in-law got up to receive him. Marichi awakened to find his wife neglecting the work he had entrusted to her. He became very angry and cursed her with the words: "Be a stone". She was angered by his short temper which she considered unjustifiable and said that Marichi too would have Mahadeva's curse. Being unable to rid herself of the curse by carrying out a severe penance, she asked the gods if she could be the most sacred stone in the universe, that whoever placed *pindas* on her —the sacred stone—would liberate his ancestors. She was promised that this would happen when she was placed on the head of Gaya and all gods stood on that stone. The *shila* was placed on the back of Gaya's head; this place is, therefore, also called Munda-prishtha.

☆

The following is the legend about the mace in the hand of Adi-Gadadhara Vishnu. Brahma asked a very strong Asura called Gada to give his strong bones to him. The latter consented to this and Vishwakarma made a strong mace out of them. Another *asura* named Heti had secured a boon that he would not be killed by known missiles such as the discus of Krishna etc. Heti's behaviour became so unbearable and he had to be destroyed that Vishnu took that *gada* or mace and killed him with it. Vishnu stood over the stone on Gaya's head with this mace in His hand and was known as Adi-Gadadhara.

☆

Brahma completed the sacrifice on Gaya's head and paid very liberal fees to Brahmins of that place

sannyasin need not offer *pindas;* he should only raise his *danda* or staff and place it on the Vishnupada (foot-print).

★

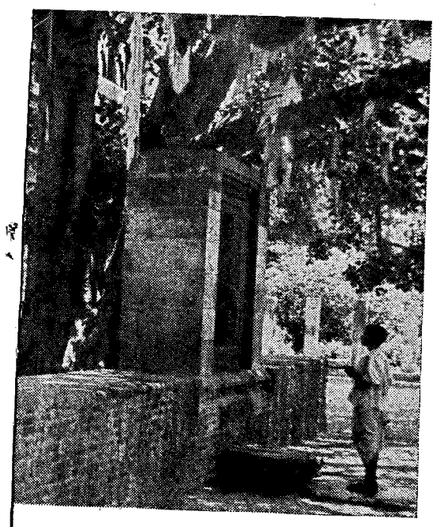
Gayakshetra is 5 Kroshas in measure and Gayashiras is one Krosha. Fasting and shaving are performed at other Tirthas—not at Gaya, Kurukshetra, Viraja or Vishala. The name and *gotra* of the person to receive the *pindas* should be mentioned. Vishnu in his liquid form is said to be the sacred river Phalgu. Vishnu stays in Phalgu in the non-manifest or Avyakta form, Vyaktavyakta form in His footprints at Vishnupada and Vyakta or manifest form in the various images. One can offer Pindas in Gaya at any time, though Bhadrapada dark half is the most auspicious time. The procedure for *shraddha* is that one should offer a seat to the *pindas,* which should be offered to ancestors; water should be sprinkled again over the *kusa* grass, fees given and the intention to feed declared. At Gaya the *pitris* need no invocation, there is no necessity of privacy for the *shraddha* and no curtains need be fixed up for such privacy. The greatest rewards are achieved if one observes celibacy, dines once in a day, sleeps on the ground, speaks the truth, remains pure, and thinks good of all creatures. The famous Vaitarni river is supposed to have come down to Gaya to liberate the ancestors.

Before starting for a pilgrimage to Gaya, one should go round his own town and perform a *shraddha.* This is a call to the *pitris* to come to Gaya with him for their liberation.

Chapter 110 of *Vayupurana* describes in detail how the Gaya-Yatra should be performed. First one should dig a pit in the Phalgu river, perform *Tarpana* and then the *shraddha.* Furthermore the same process is repeated on Preta parvata after a bath at Brahmakunda and *pindas* are offered on the Preta-shila. In Ashtaka, Vriddhi-shraddha and at Gaya the mother's *shraddha* should be performed separately; but elsewhere it should be performed with her husband. One must offer water with sesame. The *mantra* is: "Let all gods, sages, ancestors and men from Brahma onwards to a blade of grass be satisfied with this water libation mixed with sesame. Let all my paternal and maternal ancestors of endless past generations and residing in any of the seven continents or anywhere from the world of Brahma onwards be hereby satified."

Three paternal ancestors and their wives and three maternal ancestors and their wives make twelve immediate ancestors. Some say only nine should be mentioned, others say only six.

All those in the family who have not secured a good position after death are invoked—all agnates. cognates, *bandhus,* those who died in childhood even before the cutting of their teeth, those who died in the womb; those who died from



The Great Bo-tree

fire, lightning, wild beasts, poison, those dead in forests etc.; those who as a result of their bad acts have become evil spirits or are being tortured in hell, those who have been obliged to become beasts etc., those without any relations and *pindas* in any family whether one's own or of his *guru* or of his father-in-law—to all of them he offers the *pindas*. He bows to the Pitris and asks the gods to be the witnesses of the *shraddha*.

Vayupurana gives a detailed list of the sub-*tirthas* where the *shraddha* is to be performed. The complete pilgrimage would take seven days. There are about forty-five sub-*tirthas* in about thirty-five square miles. Usually only seven or even three sub-*tirthas* are visited. A Brahmin guide takes charge of one when one arrives in Gaya. It is essential to visit the river Phalgu, the Vishnupada and the Akshaya Vata. Gaya-shiras, Uttara-manasa, Matanga-vapi, and other places are also added to these three.

The famous Vishnupada is situated in the old Gaya. The foot-print of Vishnu 16" x 6" is found in an octagonal basin four feet in diametre and plated with silver. Offerings are cast into this basin.

★

Buddha-gaya is seven miles south of Gaya. Siddhartha left his house at the age of twenty-nine, became an ascetic for six years and wandered near about Rajagriha and Uruvilva (near Gaya). He practised penance at Uruvilva. Having bathed in the Nairanjana (Lilajan) river he sat under a Pipal tree at Bodh-Gaya. He received full enlightenment under this tree at the age of thirty-five and became Buddha, Tathagata and Sakyamuni. He moved on to Sarnath from here and started preaching. Eight months in every year he spent on the move and after preaching for forty-five years he had his Maha-nirvana at the age of eighty in 483 B.C.

This Bodhi tree is the oldest and the most venerated tree in the world; its story is an eventful one. Buddhist traditions say that the tree was destroyed by Tishyaraksha but revived by Ashoka. Saint

NOVEMBER 7, 1954

Rambles in Mimamsa—3

T. A. V. Dikshitar

MEANS OF KNOWING DHARMA

THE refrain of the Vedic injunctions is *Dharma*. Every school of thought in Hindu philosophy, in the light of its own distinctive method of inquiry investigates into the nature of *Dharma*. The abiding impress of the Mimamsic method of inquiry is one of exhaustive analysis.

The Mimamsakas formulate six *pramanas* or means by which knowledge is gained. They are: (1) *Pratyaksha* (sense-perception). (2) *Anumana* (Inferential knowledge), (3) *Upamana* (Knowledge of similarities), (4) *Sabda* (Verbal testimony), (5) *Arthapatti* (that which is implied), (6) *Anupalabdhi* (non-cognition).

How far each of the *pramanas* above said, contributes to the determination of the nature of *Dharma*? Is knowledge of *Dharma* gained by sense-perception? Sense-perception denotes cognition brought into effect by our sense organs coming into contact with the material objects that exist at the present moment. Evidently, sense-perception cannot be the means by which knowledge of *Dharma* is to be had. *Dharma* is not a material object nor does it exist at the present moment. Similarly inferential knowledge, which is perforce allied in its approach to that of sense-perception, is as ineffective as the former.

In the final analysis *sabda* or the verbal testimony alone will be found to be the most potential means of gaining a knowledge of *Dharma*. It is conceded that word and its signification are self-existent. They are eternal. The relationship obtaining between word and its signification is also natural and eternal. They do not owe their existence to convention. Cognition given effect to by Vedic injunctions is to be held unconditionally true. Thus it is made clear that Vedic injunctions alone could be the most authoritative means of gaining a knowledge of *Dharma*. The authority of Vedic injunctions

is self-manifest and self-sufficient. Jaimini's Mimamsa philosophy rests solely on the recognition of the self-sufficiency of verbal cognition. He recognises its importance and has a full *adhikarana* devoted to its discussion.

The theory of the self-sufficiency of verbal cognition, is also the view that *Sabda* and its signification are eternal, have met with stiff opposition. Man's efforts of utterance resulted in the creation of word which particular word was not there already. No sooner is the word uttered than it is destroyed. The same word is found given utterance to simultaneously by many persons. During its growth it is subject to grammatical modifications. Thus the doctrine of eternity of the word and its signification would seem untenable.

Let us see how the *siddhantin* gets the better of his opponent. It is true, he admits, that the word is heard only of its being uttered. But the inference that the same word did not exist before it was uttered cannot be forced on us. Our efforts of utterance seek to make the word, which is ever present without manifestation, perceptible to the hearer. In other words, we invest the unmanifest word, with a manifestation, when we utter a word. A clear distinction has got to be made between word and sound, the mechanism by which the word is made manifest. To think of a modern analogy, every sound that is being made is replete with sound waves; they remain unmanifest. It needs the mechanism of a modern radio, to transmute the sound-waves into audible utterances. Word is eternal. Sound is helpful in making the word perceptible to hearers. The grammatical modifications, cited by the opponent as governing the word perceptible to hearers. the sound structure.

It is of interest to note what the commentators have to say of these *sutras*. They concede that the word and its signification are eternal. But they visualise the prospect of human utterances becoming corrupt. They are against investing human utterances, with independent authority.

The Vedas have no beginning. They are eternal. They are self-existent. They are self-sufficient. They are attributed to no author. They are themselves the most authoritative means of gaining a knowledge of *Dharma*.

(To be continued.)

While we grow more and more learned by science and by other ways of study, I wonder often whether we do not at the same time grow less and less wise. Wisdom and learning are not synonymous. They may help each other, but they are not the same.

—Jawaharlal Nehru.

Upagupta led his Royal disciple Ashoka to the various sacred spots in the Buddhist holy land, including this Bodhi tree at Gaya.

Ashoka granted liberal endowments at all these places and set up memorials. Hiuen Tsang in the 7th century tells of the destruction of the tree by King Shashanka of Bengal and of its revival later on by King Purna-Varma of Magadha. A branch of it was transplanted in Ceylon in the times of Ashoka.

Vayu Purana says that Gaya extends to about thirteen miles from Pretashila to Mahabodhi i.e. Gaya includes even the Buddhist sacred places.

In Bodh Gaya there is the famous old temple of Buddha and the Bodhi tree. The Simhasana of the Vajrasana where Buddha performed penance, is below the tree and is described as the centre of the Universe. A number of Buddhist relics have been excavated in this area. Buddhists from all over the world—including Nepal, Burma, China, Japan, Ceylon and other places come to this Buddhist sacred place.

Siri Meghavanna (352 to 379 A.D.), the Buddhist King of Ceylon, sent a message to Emperor Samudragupta asking permission to build a monastry in Gaya where Ashoka had also built a monastery. Permission was granted. Hiuen Tsang in the 7th century visited and described it as a manificent establishment and occupied by 1000 monks of the Sthavira School of Mahayana.

Buddhist relics form a part in Hindu worship. Buddha himself is taken as an Avatara of Vishnu. *Vayupurana* says: "The great Bodhi tree should be worshipped. The royal Ashvattha tree! I bow to you. You are the embodiment of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. You give enlightenment and liberate ancestors. By your sight and touch, let the faithful have eternal bliss."

Nearby a mango tree is worshipped. The saying famous at this time is that by one act of sprinkling water to the mango tree two results are achieved: one is water supplied to the mango tree and the second is the ancestors are satisfied. *"Amrashcha siktah Pitarashcha triptah"*.

It is said that once when King Vishala offered *pindas*, three hands of his ancestors came up to receive them—one was white, the other was red, the third was black. His father with the white hand when asked said that on account of good actions he had gone to heaven, the grandfather who had killed a Brahmin had become red; and the great-grand-father who had killed sages had become black. The latter two were consigned to the Avichi hell. All three were liberated by the offering of the *pindas* by King Vishala.

One sage Bharadwaja offered pindas here. Two hands came to receive them. His mother confessed that one was her husband and

(Continued on page 35)

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When modern science has said its last word and the patient is still no better, we are not justified in saying that the case is necessarily hopeless....

Spiritual Factor in Therapy

ARTHUR POOL

IT is interesting that the word "religion" is fundamentally a surgical term. It comes from the two Latin roots "re"—again, and "ligare"—to unite. We are reminded of the fact that the word ligature is used to describe any tissue used by the surgeon for sewing up a wound and the word "religion" essentially means those spiritual factors used by man to re-unite himself with God.

Before any rational treatment can be organised for any illness it is essential to make as accurate a diagnosis as possible, but it is very often overlooked that a purely scientific diagnosis, while it may explain the bodily mechanisms involved, very often leaves out of account the underlying significance of the illness or disease. There are really two diagnoses in every physical or mental illness.

(1) An objective diagnosis such as myocarditis (inflammation of heart muscle), cholecystitis (inflammation of gall bladder), rheumatoid arthritis, which merely describes the pathology affecting the particular part of the anatomy.

(2) The other diagnosis is a subjective one and seeks to answer the question "Why has this person developed this illness at this time?" Until this question is fully answered the illness can only be treated symptomatically. Even if surgical removal effects a temporary absence of pathology the real problem remains—"Why did the illness develop; what were the underlying factors?"

It is now increasingly recognised that behind and beneath many organic diseases there are emotional or spiritual upheavals, such as unconfessed sin, producing a constant

35

PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT Tito is Yugoslavia's Man of Destiny, for it was he who, assisted by a group of staunch supporters, inspired a depressed and defeated people to National Resistance, to wage a ceaseless war against the occupation troops of the Axis Powers during World War II.

Immediately after the invasion of Yugoslavia by Hitler's troops and the complete destruction of Belgrade by Hitler's dive-bombers, the Yugoslavian Monarch and his Ministers fled the country leaving the people to the mercy of the invaders. The defeat and demoralisation of the people was complete within a week of the invasion, and for want of a bold leadership, a brave people lay prostrate, crushed beneath the jack-boots of Hitler's Storm Troopers. It was out of this depression, demoralisation and shameful defeat that Tito roused the people to an inspired and vigorous resistance and resurgence.

The history of Yugoslavia's sur-

vival is essentially the story of Tito's sufferings and sacrifices in the cause of his country's freedom.

Tito's conflict with Stalin and his break with the Soviet Union is common knowledge, but Tito's fight with Stalin was a fight *for* socialism and *against* Soviet Dictatorship. Yugoslavia has accepted the spirit of Marxism and Leninism, yet she also stands for nationalism, in the sense that she wants to implement the socialist ideals for the benefit of her peoples in a way befitting their inherent qualities and genius. Tito piloted the ship of State with wisdom and skill through the war of liberation and the years that followed it.

★

Tito lives at 15 Rumunska Street, Belgrade, in a medium sized house. He rises very early, at 5-30 a.m. in summer and at 7 a.m. in winter. Every morning he performs his Swedish exercises for about half an hour, followed by a walk in the park, irrespective of the weather. He usually walks alone along the same path each day. He has little interest in food; his breakfast consists of coffee, bread, butter and sometimes an omelette, and for his other meals he prefers the usual Central European cooking.

After breakfast he goes to his office and on the way he visits his birds, most of them canaries, feeds them, sees to it that they have enough water, and then sits at his desk and studies the morning papers. He reads them very carefully, particularly articles and news about Yugoslavia. He is specially interested in "letters to the editor," which often reveal the feeling of the people.

President Tito also goes through all the bulletins of the Tanjug news agency, which relays news from all the major world agencies. His secretary does not underline any news or annotate them in any way. The foreign periodicals he reads are: The London *Times*, the *Economist*, the *New Statesman and Nation*, Aneurin Bevan's *Tribune*, the European editions of the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, *Foreign Affairs*, and the Moscow *Pravda*.

Tito smokes when reading his papers. He used to be a heavy smoker, but now does only with twenty cigarettes a day. He always uses small cigarette holders of which he has several. Tito had an eye operation some years ago and as a result has to wear glasses for reading.

★

Tito has a busy time dealing with his mail. He receives a great many letters both from inside Yugoslavia and from abroad. Every morning his assistants make a list of all the letters with a short resume of their contents. He goes through every letter noting in a corner with a blue pencil what action should be taken. Most of them are letters of complaint about measures taken by the authorities. He forwards all such letters to a special secretary who finds out whether the complaints are war-

(34)

feeling of guilt that can so undermine the general bodily resistance as to make it a prey to all forms of infection. Looked at from this standpoint, cases of pyaemia (blood poisoning, causing abscesses) and septicaemia (septic poisoning) will not yield up from hold on the body until the spirit of the man is at rest. Many cases of peptic ulceration are the result of chronic anxiety and worry. Some cases of rheumatoid arthritis have their origin in bitter hatreds and resentments. A considerable number of skin diseases arise out of antipathies and frustrations.

★

The materialist medicine which only looks upon man as the highest animal fails to take into account the chief distinguishing feature between the highest animal and man. No animal has yet shown any desire to worship, whereas the most primitive man even in the most debased society always retains this fundamental urge and instinct. If in more civilised communities the worship of God is neglected or deliberately suppressed, then man will worship some lower being, usually his fellow-man.

Many people have wrongly assumed that the Bible and science are opposed. Some doctors consider that when some of us talk about consideration of the spiritual factor in illness and healing, we are automatically rejecting the scientific aspect of the problem. I believe that both factors are important and need to be actively considered, but when modern science has said its last word and the patient is still no better, we are not justified in saying that the case is necessarily hopeless. There are still spiritual values to be considered and spiritual resources of prayer, the laying on of hands, and the anointing, are available to those who are prepared to receive them.

☆

Tournier in his book relates a patient saying to him "You prevent us from dying, but you don't help us to live". This petulant outburst on the part of an ill woman enshrines the greatest of truths, because for most of us treatment ends when the patient has got over the immediate upset, whether it be operation or treatment of an infection, or dealing with some variety of mental illness. Perhaps the most important factor, if recurrences of the illness are to be avoided, is to get the patient to change his mode of life in order to eliminate the conditions which predisposed to the disease.

(From his address at the Churches Council of Healing, in connection with the British Medical Association Annual Meeting held in Glasgow in July last.)

ranted or not, and who requests additional data from Government agencies and other institutions; a report is then made to Tito on the position. In most cases Tito gives a positive answer to petitions.

His mail includes a wide range of subjects to be dealt with by Tito; it is customary in Yugoslavia, for families in which a ninth son is born to invite Tito to be its godfather. A part of his mail consists of these invitations. Many letters complain of evictions. Once when Tito was ill he received many letters from village women recommending all sorts of medicines for his cure.

After going through the papers and the mail he attends to State problems. He regularly receives visits from delegations and individuals, representing factories, co-operative farms and mass organisations. A special category of visitors consists of Tito's old friends and kinsmen, his school-mates from villages and old acquaintances from factories. These people stay a day or two, receive gifts and then take their leave.

Tito enjoys travelling, and does a considerable amount of it during the course of the year. He visits one of the six Yugoslave States every year, takes part in the celebrations of the Trade Union Congress, or the celebration of the anniversary of the "War of Liberation". In the course of his travels he meets the common people and talks with them and in this way learns of the true feeling of the Yugoslavian people.

GAYA—*Contd.*

the other was her lover. By the *pindas* on the *shila*, both the Kshetrin (the husband) and the Bijin (the lover) were liberated.

Shraddha performed at Gayashiras yields inexhaustible results. Here the Adi-Gadadhara Vishnu abides in the form of Vishnupada (foot-print). The faithful are said to be cured of incurable diseases like leprosy and given health, wealth and long life. In *Vayupurana*, Bramha says "I bow to Vishnu the wielder of the mace, who is pure and unaffected by time, who abides in Gaya, whose divine qualities are known but who is above the three gunas *satva*, *rajas* and *tamas*, who resides in the heart, stays on the while abode of the mount, is adored by people and who is the giver of grace". Shiva adds "We bow to Adi-Gadadhara who stays here and is in the non-manifest form of Mundaprishtha, river Phalgu etc."

गदाधरं व्यपगतकालकल्मषं
गयागतं विदितगुणं गुणातिगम् ।
गुहागतं गिरिवरगौरगेहजं
गणार्चितं वरदमहं नमामि ।।
अव्यक्तरूपो यो देवो मुण्डपृष्ठाद्रिरूपत ।
फल्गुतीर्थादिरूपेण नमाम्यादिगदाधरम् ।।

On hearing her words, her companion went home, and seating herself at the door, began watching for his coming.

In the meantime he arrived.

She seated him in the doorway, saying, "You sit here; I will go and give notice of your arrival."

She came to Jayshri and said, "Your sweetheart has arrived."

On hearing this she said, "Wait awhile; let the household go to sleep, and then I will come."

And so, after some delay, when it was near midnight, and all had gone to sleep, she arose softly and accompanied her, and arrived there in a very short time; and the two met in her house without restraint. When nearly an hour and a half of night remained, she rose and returned home, and went quietly to sleep; and he also went to his house at daybreak.

Many days passed thus. At last her husband, too, returned from foreign parts to his father-in-law's house. When she beheld her husband she became troubled in mind, and said to her companion, "Such is my anxiety, what shall I do? Whither shall I go? Sleep, hunger, thirst, all are forgotten; nothing is agreeable to me". And she told her the whole state of her heart.

She got through the day somehow or other; but at night, when her husband had finished supper, his mother-in-law had a bed made for him in a separate building, and sent word to him to go and take repose, while she said to her daughter, "You go and do your duty to your husband."

She turned up her nose and knitted her brows on hearing this, and remained silent.

On this her mother rebuked her sharply, and sent her off to him.

Being powerless she went there, but lay on the bed with her face turned away. The more he kept addressing her in words of tenderness, the more vexed would she become. On this he presented her with all the various descriptions of apparel, and the jewels which he had brought for her from different places, and said, "Wear these." Then, in truth, she became still more vexed, and frowned and turned away her face. And he, too, went to sleep in despair; for he was fatigued with the journey.

To her, however, thinking of her lover, sleep came not.

When she thought that he was in an unconscious sleep, she arose softly, and leaving him asleep, went fearlessly in the dark night to the abode of her lover; and a thief seeing her on the way, thought to himself, "Where can this woman be going, alone, with her jewels on, at this midnight hour?"

Thus soliloquising, he followed her. In short, she managed somehow to reach her lover's house.

Now, there, a snake had bitten and left him; he was lying dead. She thought he was sleeping. Being, as it was, consumed with the fire of separation, she clasped him to her without restraint, and began caressing him; and the thief from a distance was watching the fun.

An evil spirit, too, was seated on a pipal tree there, looking on at the scene. All at once it came into the mind of the spirit to enter the dead body and have carnal pleasure with her.

Having resolved on this, he entered the body, and after living with her, bit off her nose with his teeth, and went and sat on the same tree.

The thief observed all these occurrences. And she, in despair, went as she was, all stained with blood, to her companion, and related all that had happened. Her companion said, "Go quickly to thy husband ere yet the sun rise, and weep aloud and bitterly. If any one should question thee, say, 'He has cut off my nose.'"

She went thither on the instant of hearing her companion's words, and commenced weeping and wailing excessively. Hearing the noise of her weeping, all her relations came, and lo! she had no nose,—was sitting noseless!

Then they exclaimed, "O you shameless, wicked, pitiless, mad wretch! Why have you bitten off her nose without any fault on her part?"

He, too, became alarmed on witnessing this farce, and began to say to himself, "Trust not a wanton-minded woman, a black snake, an armed man, an enemy,—and fear the wiles of a woman. What can an eminent poet not describe? What does he not know who has acquired supernatural power? What nonsense does a drunkard not chatter? What can a woman not accomplish? True it is, that the defects of horses, the thunder of the clouds, the wiles of woman, and the destiny of man,—these things even the gods do not comprehend; what power has man then to understand them?"

★

In the meantime her father gave information of the occurrence to the city magistrate.

Policemen came from the station there, and bound and brought him before the magistrate. The magistrate of the city gave notice to the king.

The king sent for him, and questioned him about the case, but he declared he knew nothing.

And on his summoning the merchant's daughter, and interrogating her, she replied, "Your majesty! when you see plainly what has happened, why do you question me?"

Then the king put to him, "What punishment shall I inflict on thee?"

On hearing this, he replied, "Do unto me whatever you deem just."

THE PARROT'S STORY

In this second half of the fourth story, the parrot relates the story of the woman who proved unfaithful to her husband for counterbalancing the maina's story. The king is called upon to adjudicate on the issues so cunningly presented and he falls for it.

THERE is a city called Kanchanpur, where dwelt a merchant, named Sagardatt, who had a son by name Shridatt.

In another city by name Jayshripur, was a merchant, named Somadatt, and he had a daughter by name Jayshri. She had married Shridatt who went to a far off country to trade. While he was away she used to live at her parents' house.

When he had spent twelve years in trading, and she attained her full womanhood, she one day addressed a companion of hers thus: "Sister! my youth is being wasted; up to this moment I have tasted none of the world's joys."

On hearing these words, her companion said to her, "Be of good cheer! God willing, thy husband will soon come and join thee."

She got vexed at these words, and ascending to the upper chamber, and peeping through the lattice, saw a young man coming along. When he drew near her, his eyes and hers suddenly met. The hearts of both went forth to one another.

Then she said to her companion, "Bring that man to me."

On hearing this, the companion went and said to him, "Somadatta's daughter wishes to see you in private; but do you come to my house."

She then showed him the way to her house.

He said, "I will come at night."

★

The companion came and informed the merchant's daughter that he had promised to come at night.

When she heard this, Jayshri said to her companion, "You go home; when he arrives, let me know, and I will also come when free to leave home."

The king said, "Away with him, and impale him!"

On receiving the king's order the people took him away to impale him.

Observe the coincidence;—that thief was also standing there, looking on at the scene!

When he was convinced that this man was about to be unjustly put to death, he raised a cry for justice.

The king summoned him, and asked, "Who art thou?"

He said, "Great king! I am a thief; and this man is innocent; his blood is about to be unjustly shed; you have not given judgment wisely at all."

Hereupon the king summoned the husband also, and questioned the thief, saying, "Declare the truth on thy honour! What are the facts of this case?"

The thief then gave a detailed account of the circumstances; and the king, too, comprehended them thoroughly. Ultimately he sent attendants, and had the woman's nose brought from the mouth of her lover, who was lying dead, and inspected it. Then he was assured that the man was guiltless, and the thief truthful.

Hereupon the thief said, "To cherish the good, and punish evil-doers, has from of old been a duty of kings."

★

After relating so much of the tale, the parrot Churaman said, "Great king! such embodiments of all crime are women! The king having had the woman's face blackened and her head shaved, had her mounted on an ass, and taken round the city, and then set at liberty; and after giving betel-leaf to the thief and the merchant's son, he allowed them to depart."

Having related so much of the story, the ghoul asked, "O king! to which of these two does greater guilt attach?"

Then King Vikramaditya said, "To the woman."

On this the ghoul asked, "How so?"

On hearing this, the king said, "However depraved a man may be, still some sense of right and wrong remains in him; but a woman does not give a thought to right and wrong, hence great guilt attaches to the woman."

Hearing these words, the ghoul went again and hung himself on the same tree.

The king went again and took him down from the tree, tied him up in a bundle, placed him on his shoulder, and carried him away.

[To be continued]

May 13, 1952 he held the portfolio of Food and Agriculture in the new Cabinet.

A silent man with a passion for organization and detail, he distinguished himself as a great administrator. The reforms he brought about in the Post & Telegraphs and the Food Departments are too well-known to be repeated. His utter informality of approach, boldness of design and skill in execution of undertaking marked him out from others.

PAKISTAN

Events of the last few months in our neighbouring country, Pakistan, are far from encouraging from the international point of view. The tussle for power on the part of top men who rule the country and parochial provincialism have in the main been responsible for the lightning speed with which her politics has been changing, very much in the manner of some of the Latin American countries. A state of emergency has been clamped. The dissolution of the Constituent Assembly by the Governor-General is riddled with constitutional uncertainties and one seriously wonders whither Pakistan is heading. The colour of the re-constituted Cabinet, and particularly the inclusion of Dr. Khan Saheb are the only silver lining in the cloud. Comparisons are odious. At this hour of Pakistan's trial, India's sympthies go out to her teeming millions.

"FRENCH-INDIA"

The curtain has fallen on French possessions in India. November 1st is thus a historic day both for India and France. The peaceful and gentlemanly manner in which the change-over took place goes as much to the credit of India's foreign policy as to the policy of the present French Government headed by Pierre Mendes-France who, within the short time of assuming office, has shown himself to be the man of destiny for France, much in the way Mr. Clement Attlee did for the last Labour Government of Britain. It is a long way from Dupleix to Mendes-France and who would doubt it is the right way? The terms of transfer leave little to be desired.

MAHABHARATA SHORT STORY COMPETITION

From the entries received so far for the above Competition, the authorities of the Bhavan who have sponsored it feel that the same has not received that much publicity which it deserves and out of consideration for the vast talent available in this country, have extended the last date of entry to 31st March, 1955, besides of course giving it the widest publicity possible. The rules and conditions of entry, excepting for the last date, as stated above, remain the same. Full details about the competition can be obtained from Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay.

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Notes and News

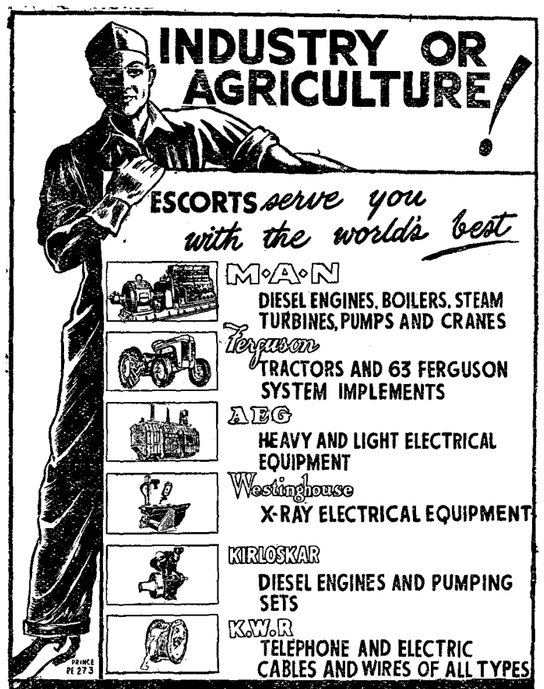
SHRI RAFI AHMAD KIDWAI

In the sudden and untimely death of Shri Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, India's Minister for Food and Agriculture, the country has sustained an irreparable loss. Born in 1894, he was educated at M.A.O. College, Aligarh. After his graduation from the Allahabad University he commenced studying Law but gave it up to join the Non-Cooperation Movement in 1921. He was closely associated with the Congress Committee during 1922 to 1926 and was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in 1922. In 1924 he was elected a Member of the United Provinces Legislative Council on the Swaraj Party ticket. He was imprisoned during the Civil Disobedience Movement of 1930-1932. In 1936 he became President of the U.P. Congress Committee. In 1937 he was elected to the U.P. Legislative Assembly and became Minister for Revenue and Jails. He resigned in November 1939 when the Congress went out of office at the outbreak of the war.

Shri Kidwai was arrested during the Individual Satyagraha Movement in 1940-41 and again in May 1942 much before the August "Quit India" Movement when he was detained in the Bareilly Central Prison.

In 1946 he was re-elected to the U.P. Legislative Assembly and became Minister for Revenue, Home and Jails. In July, 1946 he was nominated a Member of the Congress Working Committee and the same year was elected to the Constituent Assembly of India which became the Parliament of the Republic of India.

On August 15, 1947 Shri Kidwai was appointed Minister for Communications in the Central Cabinet. He resigned from the Congress and also the Union Cabinet in 1951 to join the Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party organised by Acharya Kripalani. He rejoined the Congress in the same year and was elected to Parliament as a Congress nominee in the General Elections. From



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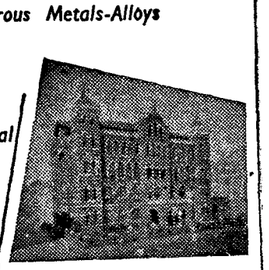

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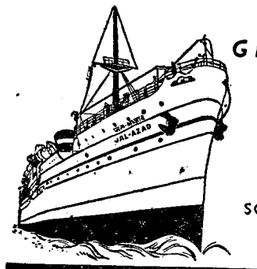

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